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## IN VACATION.

"A lawyer's life is not all fees and fun," confessed a New York lawyer the other day. "I was in the criminal court building a few weeks ago when a man from my district asked me to defend him in special sessions, and wait for my fee. Just before the case was to be called for trial he came around to borrow a ten, and got it.

"Send for me when your case is called," I said.

"When I came out of general sessions at noon one day the client was waiting for me.

"I was discharged," he exclaimed.

"I thought I was to defend you," I said.

"You see," he replied, "I couldn't afford to pay a first-class lawyer's fee, so I got one of those cheap fellows with the X you loaned me. I thought that would be cheaper." —*Law Notes*.

The trials and tribulations of the western judge are many. Their judgments, decrees and rulings on evidence are not only criticised, but movements of their bodies are often misconstrued. In an Iowa court recently a lawyer was urging a decree of divorce before Judge Thompson of Cedar Rapids. The attorney in arguing his case became both earnest and eloquent and emphasized his statements by striking the table with his hand with great force. He paused a moment and then said:

"I see your Honor shakes your head as to that statement, but I desire to reaffirm what I have remarked, notwithstanding your Honor has given dissent."

The court retorted:

"I have not in any manner intimated how I should construe the evidence or what my decision shall be in the case, and such remarks are wholly uncalled for."

"You shook your head."

"That may be true," the court promptly replied; "there was a fly on my ear, and I reserve the right to remove it in any manner I saw fit. Proceed with your argument." —*Exchange*.

The Honorable A. M. Keiley, formerly a distinguished lawyer of Richmond, and later a judge of the International Court of Arbitration at Alexandria, Egypt, narrated some years ago, in the columns of the *Richmond Times* the following, which we think worthy of reproduction here, as illustrative of the Egyptian doctrine of independent contractors, though we hesitate to commend it as authority for the guidance of American courts:

## THE JUSTICE OF THE CADIS.

It is permitted by Allah, His name be praised! that thieves should exist, and of these the worst in Cairo was Abdou Mohammed ben Ibrahim.

One night, while attempting to break into a neighbor's house to rob him, an ill fitting shutter which he was about to force, fell on him, and broke his leg. And so next morning, or as soon as he was able, he laid his complaint before the Cadi,

that by reason of the unworkman-like construction of his neighbor, the calamity had befallen him.

"What," said the Cadi, "were you doing there?"

"I am a truthful man, oh, thou bond of Justice and Wisdom, and must admit that I coveted—for the Evil One so willed—the purse of my neighbor; but that does not excuse him for so building his house that the most honest are in danger."

"Thou hast reason, my son, send for the neighbor."

Now, when the neighbor was brought, he excused himself, saying: "It was not I, Excellence, who constructed the window, but a carpenter, and so he must be responsible."

"That is just," said the Cadi, "send for the carpenter."

And when the shawash brought the carpenter, he was compelled to admit that it was indeed he who had constructed the window, but he added: "I am but a simple workman, who did as I was bidden, and wrought nothing save under the eye of the contractor, who ordered me as seemed good in his eyes."

"Send, then, for this negligent contractor," said the Cadi, and the officers brought him. And being questioned, he replied: "I admit, oh Cadi, that I seem responsible, but one cannot forever be on guard against the snares of the Evil One, and at the moment that the carpenter was fitting this shutter, Ayesha Bint Mahmona passed by, dressed in robes of such beautiful and vivid colors that I could not tear my eyes away from regarding and admiring them, and but for the snare of the dyer, who gave them those enchanting hues, I should not have ceased one minute to watch this block-head of a carpenter, and so, Great Cadi, it is the dyer who should be punished.

"This seems rational," said the Cadi, and the dyer was sent for.

And when he came he was obliged to admit that it was indeed he who had dyed the clothes, and though he cudgelled his brain for an hour, he found no defense or excuse for himself.

And so the Cadi judged that he be hanged from his own door, and that immediately.

But straightway the officers returned saying: "Oh, Cadi! this we find impossible, since, as thou seest, the dyer is a very tall man, whereas his door is very low, and he cannot be hanged there."

And the Cadi answered: "But some one must be hanged that Justice be vindicated, and forasmuch as the plaintiff is a short man, hang him."

And so it was. Blessed be Allah, the Compassionate! And the Caliph hearing of the wisdom of the Cadi, presented him with a hundred sequins.